

T H E

# Shepherd's Request.

A Favourite SONG.

THE Bird that hears her nestlings cry,  
 And flies abroad for food,  
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,  
 To nurse her callow brood :  
 The tender mother knows no joy,  
 But bodes a thousand harms,  
 And sickens for the darling boy,  
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,  
 My faithful bosom fires ;  
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
 The queen of my desires :  
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,  
 And similes are vain,  
 To shew how ardently I love,  
 And to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
 For heaven and joy divine ;  
 The faint is not with rapture fir'd,  
 More pure, more warm than mine ;  
 I take what liberty I dare,  
 'Twere impious to say more ;  
 Convey my longings to the fair,  
 The goddess I adore.

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FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.